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ADVERTISING.

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From the Patriot.

ATHENWOOD COTTAGE.

BY S. M. KIMBAY.

Far above the village tattle,
In a quiet shady glen,
Where the din of business-battle
Never grates the ear of men,—

Stands a poet artist's dwelling,
Of a purely classic mode,—
And an artist's young heart's swelling,
There in quiet Athenwood,—

Like a gem of purest water,
In some princely coronet,—
Or affection's fairest daughter,
Where the passions all have met,—

Like a spectre castle springing,
In some distant solitude,
Where all nature joins in singing,
There is seen sweet Athenwood.

There the gentle muses hover,
Round the casements graced with vines;
As the passions of a lover,
Flit when Love his heart entwines.

There a crystal streamlet dances,
To its own sweet fairy notes,—
And the zephyr fraught with fancies
Pure as Athen Wood, there floats.

From this cot among the mountains,
Where the music of the rill,
Seems the voice of many fountains,
As it dances down the hill,—

Flows a charm like music moving,
In the warm breath of the sun;
'Tis the song of two hearts loving,
Till they 've melted into one.

Rutland, December, 1850.

THE CHILD'S FAITH.

(A true Story.)

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

It was a cold evening, and there was but little fire in Mrs. Hoffman's stove; so little Frantz sat close to it; and tho' his thoughts were far away, yet a slight feeling of discomfort, from the chilliness, mingled with his fancies.

His mother's wheel kept on—as it always did in the winter's long evening—with a low humming sound, that had till now been very cheerful and pleasant to little Frantz; but somehow, he forgot to notice it this night. Poor Frantz; he scarcely looked like himself, for his head was bent down, and his eyes seemed to be looking straight thro' the floor, so fixed and intent did his gaze seem.

Often and often did the mother's eye turn to her little boy, for never before had the joy-speaking eye of Frantz been so long bent to the earth; but still the mother said no word, till at last, a deep sigh came from the parted lips of Frantz; then his mother laid her hand softly upon his; yet even that gentle touch started him, so lost was he in meditation; and when he quickly lifted his face, and saw the questioning look of his mother, his pent-up thoughts burst out at once.

"Oh, mother! in a week it will be Christmasday; *can I not* have a Christmas-tree?"

The mother's face looked sad, but only for a moment; she knew that the earnest wish of little Frantz was not likely to be realized; but she knew, too, that it was best for her boy to learn to bear cheerfully any crossing of his desires which must be; and she spoke more soothingly and gently than usual, as she said—

"And what makes my little Frantz set his heart on that now? He never has had a Christmas-tree before!"

"Oh, that is it," exclaimed Frantz; "I never had one. Ever since I was a baby, mother, I have heard of the good Christ-child, who brings beautiful gifts to others. Why does he not bring them to me? Am I worse than all the rest, mother?"

"No—no, Frantz;" so spoke the moter, hastily, for in her heart arose a picture of the gentleness, the self-denying fortitude of her little boy, in the midst of trouble; his patience in sickness, his industry in health, his anxious care to help her in all that his little hands could do. "No—no! my Frantz—it is not that."

"Well, mother—but is there *any* reason? Oh! you do not know how I have dreamed and dreamed of a beautiful tree that I should have this Christmas; it was full of golden fruit and lighted tapers, and under it were laid gifts for you, dear mother; a new Bible with large print, and a purse of money; so that you might not have to work so hard, dear mother, and warm clothes that would never let you get cold. And oh! as I came along the street to-day and saw the windows shining with their loads of beautiful toys, and gifts of all sorts, and saw the boys and girls running and shouting, and telling how they would not care for any thing else, when the Christmasday was once come, and they would have their loaded tree—then, mother, all the dreams I have had since I can first remember, came back; all you have told me of the good Christ-child and of his love for children; and I half felt, mother, as if I was left out, and not loved among the rest."

"Dear Frantz," said the mother, "it was a sad—sad thought. Do not let it come into your heart again. Oh! the Christ-child is always good—although loving, even when his love is shown in such ways that we do not clearly see it at once. Come closer to me, Frantz." Frantz saw in his mother's face a look of such deep tenderness, that his soul grew full. He took his own little seat, and sat close beside her, and leaned his head against her knee, and the mother said gently—

"The Christ-child has given you beautiful gifts, my Frantz; he has given you life, and a warm, earnest heart; he has given you a mother, who loves you so dearly; a home to shelter you; he gives us the light of day, and all the glorious things it reveals, and the stiller beauty of the night, and he gives, more than all, the hope of heaven, and a knowledge of the path to it. Are not these great gifts, Frantz?"

"Yes."

So she went on:

"These are the gifts we most need to make us happy; others *may* be good for us, but the Christ-child knows better than we do what we need. If it were good for us, he would give us all we wish for; but then we might not make a good use of his gifts, or we might grow proud of them, or be so wrapped up in the gifts as to forget the Giver. Ah! my Frantz, let us only ask for what is best for us to have, and he will give it; he loves to give, and only refuses what will hurt us."

Again little Frantz had bent his head on his hand, but now it was not sadness only thought, that was in his face, and he asked—

"How can we know what is best—what to ask for?"

"If it is *not* given, think that it is best withheld, and be patient; if it is given, be thankful, and use the gift aright. See, Frantz!"

And the mother arose and took from a closet a small sum of money.

"This," she continued, "is all the money I have; if any of this is spent for toys or play, I shall not have any to buy shoes for you nor for me, and by this I know the Christ-child deems it best for me to be content with what is most necessary, and to give up the pleasure of buying you beautiful golden fruit and lighted tapers."

"Could I not do without shoes? asked Frantz. "I would go so many errands for the old cobbler, that he would mend my old ones; and oh! if that would make it right—"

"And *I*—should I do without shoes?" asked the mother.

Frantz looked down at the worn-out shoes she had on, and again his heart was full.

"Oh! no, mother; you *must* have shoes. But oh! how happy the boys must be whose mothers have shoes, and can give them Christmas-trees, too!"

Long did Frantz lie awake that night and ponder over all his mother had said, and at last a thought sprang into his mind. It was not wrong to *ask* the Christ-child for what we wish, if we will only patiently bear the withholding. He would ask for the tree. But how? His mother had told him the Christ-child was ready to answer, and always near. Frantz would write his heart's wish in a letter, and direct it to the Christ-child.

And early in the fair morning, Frantz wrote the letter, and when he met his mother, his face was once more the gay bright face of old; for in his pocket was the paper which seemed to him a warrant of coming joy, and in his heart was a feeling very like certainty that his wish would be granted; yet he did not speak of it. It was his first, his glad darling secret, and it should be a great surprise to his mother. So he only looked joyful, and kissed her, and she laid her hand on his head, and said how glad she was to see her boy so patient and cheerful once more.

Frantz did many little acts of kindness and industry that day, for in his heart was a fountain of hope and love; and he wished to help every one. But lively as he was, he did not forget to drop his precious letter in the postoffice.

When the post master came to look over the letters, of course he was much surprised at this one of Frantz, with so strange a direction; but in a moment he saw that it was in a child's hand, and he opened it. It ran thus:

"*Good Christ-child,*

I am a poor little boy, but I have a good mother, who has taught me many things about you; and she has said that you are kind and good, and love little children, and delight to give them gifts, so that they are not hurtful ones. Now my mother is kind, too, and would like to give me all I want, but she is poor, and when I asked her for a Christmas-tree, she could not give me one, because she had only money enough to buy shoes for us; so I ask you, who are kind and rich, to give me one. I hope I am not a bad boy—I am sure my mother does not think I am; and if it is best for me not to have the tree, I will try to be patient, and bear it as a good boy should; but I don't see what hurt a large Bible or warm clothes *could* do my mother: so, if I may not have the tree, Oh! please give her those, and I shall be so happy.

FRANTZ HOFFMAN."

Pleased with the simple, childish innocence of the letter, the post master put it in his pocket. When he went home, he found a rich lady there, who had come to take tea with his wife; and at the table when all were assembled, he drew forth the letter of little Frantz and read it aloud, telling how it came into his hands, and saying how the poor little fellow would wonder at never getting his tree, nor ever hearing of his letter again.

"But he *may* hear of it again," said the rich lady, who had listened carefully to every word. "There is so much goodness of heart in the poor boy's love for his mother, that it well deserves to be rewarded. He *may* hear of it again."

So the lady remembered the name of the boy; and, she asked to give her the letter, which he did, and by its aid she sought and found out where Frantz lived. From some of the neighbors she heard how poor they were, and how little Frantz helped his mother all day cheerfully, and that Mrs. Hoffman had not now even the money to buy shoes, for that her landlord had raised her rent and she had to give the little sum laid aside to him. And the lady thought to herself that it would not be likely to spoil so good a boy, by a beautiful tree So she had one brought to her house, large and full of leaves it was, and she bought all kinds of beautiful and useful things to hang on it, and little rose-colored tapers, to be placed among the branches, and on the table, under, the tree, were laid two pairs of shoes, a pair for the mother and a pair for Frantz, and a pair of thick blankets, and large shawl, and a purse of money, for the lady knew that poor Mrs. Hoffman must have many wants of which she could not know, and she wanted her to supply them by means of the purse, and best of all, there was a large Bible.

If Frantz dream had suddenly turned into reality, it could not have been more beautiful.

So day after day went on, and tho' Frantz knew not the fate of his letter, he never doubted that all would go well. It was pleasant to see the sunshiny face with which he greeted every morning, as 'one day nearer Christmas.' And when at last Christmas morning came, bright and clear, there was a leaping, bounding heart in his bosom, and a light in his blue eyes that made his mother smile, though she scarcely knew where their next meal was to come from. The wheel kept on its whirring, and Frantz sat with his eyes fixed on on the blue sky, as if he almost thought his expected tree would drop down from it. Suddenly a knock was heard at the low door, and a voice asked—

"Is little Frantz Hoffman here?"

Frantz almost flew to the door.

"I am Frantz," he said.

And the little maiden who had asked for him, told him to come with her, and his mother must come too.

Soon, very soon, was the little party ready and the maiden led them along gaily to a handsome house, whose door she pushed open, and they entered in.

How lightly trod Frantz along the wide passage for his heart whispered aloud to him! At the end stood a door just ajar, and the girl pushed it open; a blaze of light streamed out. Frantz caught his mother's hand and drew her forward, exclaiming,

"It is my tree—I knew so well it would be ready!"

And sure enough, there stood the shining tree, all bright with lighted tapers, and laden with sparkling fruit, and on high was an image of the beautiful Christ-child, holding out his hand and smiling so lovingly, and below was written,

"FOR FRANTZ, BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS MOTHER."—*Washington, D. C.*

A MARRIAGE LETTER.

We find the following admirable letter in Holden's Magazine. It was written twenty years ago by a lady, of great literary distinction, to her cousin who now graces one of the most honorable official stations in the Empire State, on the eve of his marriage, and accompanied by a pair of blue mixed stockings, knit by herself, as a present:

DEAR COUSIN: Herewith you will receive a present of a pair of woolen stockings, knit by my own hands, and be assured, dear coz, that my friendship for you is as warm as the material, active as the finger work, and generous as the donation.

But I consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark, in the first place, that there are two individuals united in one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed, and so, alas, is the thread of life. In these, however, the white predominates, expressing my desire and confidence that thus it will be with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe your lives will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent where we do not make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts rise to my mind in regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences, as saith the poet:

"The iron dogs, the feel and tongs,
The bellows that have leathern lungs,
The fire-wood, ashes, and the smoke,
Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive that the tops of these stockings, (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed, and by means of seaming are drawn into a snarl, but afterwards comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continued so to the end and final toeing off. By this, I wish to take occasion to congratulate yourself, that you are now through with seaming, and have come to plain reality.—Again, as the whole of these comely stockings was not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair equal piece of work which you see; so, life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined; and so may it be with you. No stitch droped when duties are to be performed—no widening made where bad principles are to be reproved, or economy is to be preserved; neither seaming nor narrowing where truth and generosity are in question. Thus every stitch of life made right and set in the place—none either too large or too small, too tight or too loose; thus may you keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece—until, together, having passed the heel, you come to the very toe of life, and here, in the final narrowing off, and dropping the coil of this emblematical pair of companions and comforting associates nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light—may you, like these stockings, the final stitch being dropped, and the work being completed, go together from the place where you were formed, to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to heaven. Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a cordial reception, I remain, in the true blue friendship, seemingly, yet without seaming.

Yours, from top to toe, ——

SOMETHING TO BE READ AND REMEMBERED.

BY A. J. DOWNING.

Now, there is a curious but indisputable fact, (somebody *must* say it,) touching our present condition and appearance, as a nation of men, women and children, in which we Americans compare most unfavorably with the people of Europe, and especially those of Northern Europe, or in England and France, for example. It is neither in religion or morality, law or liberty. In these great essentials every American feels that his country is the birthplace of a larger number of robust and healthy souls than any other. But in the bodily condition, the *signs of physical health*, and all that constitutes the outward aspect of the men and women of the United States, our countrymen compare most unfavorably with all but the absolutely starving classes on the other side of the Atlantic. So completely is this the fact, that though we are unconscious of it home, the first thing—especially of late years—which strikes an American returning from abroad, is the pale and sickly countenance of his friends, acquaintances, and almost every one he meets in the streets of large towns—every other man looking as if he had lately recovered from a fit of sickness. The men look so pale, and the more vigorous physical condition of transatlantic men and women, scarcely credits the assertion of old acquaintances, when they assure him that they were "never better in their lives."

With this sort of impression working on our mind, on returning from Europe lately, we fancied it worth our while to plunge two or three hundred mile sinto the State of New York. It would be pleasant, we thought, to see not only the rich forest scenery opened by the new railroad to Lake Erie, but also—for we felt confident they were there—some good, hearty, fresh-looking lads and lasses among the farmers' sons and daughters.

We were for the most part disappointed. Certainly the men, especially the young men, who live mostly in the open air, are healthy and robust. But the daughters of the farmers, they are as delicate and pale as lilies of the valley, or fine ladies of the Fifth Avenue. If one catches the glimpse of a rose in their cheek, it is the pale rose of the hot-house, and not the fresh glow of the garden damask. Alas, we soon discovered the reason. They, too, live for seven months of the year in unventilated rooms, heated by close stoves. The fireplaces are closed up, and ruddy complexions have vanished with them. Occasionally, indeed, one meets with an exception; some bright-eyed, young rustic Hebe, whose rosy cheeks, and round elastic figure, would make you believe that the world has not grown "delicate;" and if you inquire, you will learn probably that she is one of those whose natural spirits force them out continually in the open air, so in that way escaped any considerable doses of the national poison.

Now we are fairly afloat on this dangerous sea, we must unburthen our heart sufficiently to say that neither in England nor France one does not meet with so much beauty—certainly not, so far as charming eyes and expressive faces go towards constructing beauty—as in America, but alas, on the other hand, as compared with the elastic figure and healthful frames of those abroad, American beauty is as evenescent as a dissolving view, contrasted with a real and living landscape. What is with us a sweet dream from sixteen to twenty-five is there a permanent reality till forty-five or fifty.

We should think it might be a matter of climate, were it not that we saw, as the most common thing, even finer complexions in France—yes, in the heart of Paris, and especially among the peasantry, who are almost wholly in the open air—than in England.

And what, then, is the mystery of fine physical health, which is so much better understood in the Old World than it is in the New?

The first transatlantic secret of health is a much longer time passed in the air by all classes of the people; the second, the better modes of heating and ventilating the rooms in which they live.

Regular daily exercises in the open air, both as a duty and a pleasure, is something looked upon in a very different light on the the two different sides of the Atlantic. On this side of the water, if a person—say a professional man, or a merchant—is seen regularly devoting a certain portion of the day to exercise, and the preservation of his bodily powers, he is looked upon as a valetudinarian—an invalid, who is obliged to take care of himself, poor soul! and his friends daily meet him with sympathizing looks, hoping he feels better. As for ladies, unless there is some *object* in taking a walk, they look upon it as the most stupid and unmeaning thing in the world.

On the other side of the water, a person who should neglect the plensure of breathing the free air for a couple of hours daily, or should shun the duty of exercise, is suspected of slight lunacy; and ladies who should prefer continually to devote their leisure to the solace of luxuriant cushions, rather than an exhilarating ride or walk, are thought a little *tete montee*. What, in short, is looked upon as a virtue there, is only regarded as a matter of fancy here.—Hence, an American generally shivers, in an air that is only bracing to an Englishman, and looks blue in Paris, in weather when the Parsians sit with the casement windows of their saloons wide open. Yet it is undoubtedly a matter of habit, and we Yankees—we mean those of us not forced to "rough it"—with the toughest natural constitutions in the world, nurse ourself as a people, into the least robust and most susceptible *physiques* in existence.

So much for the habit of exercise in the open air. Now let us look at our mode of ventilating and warming our dwellings; for it is here that the national poison is engendered, and here that the ghostly expression is begotten.

However healthy a person may be, he can neither look healthy, nor remain in sound health long, if he is in the habit of breathing impure air. As sound health depends upon pure blood, and there can be no pure blood in one's veins if it is not repurified continually by the action of the fresh air upon it, through the agency of the lungs—the whole purpose of breathing being to purify and vitalize the blood—it follows that if a nation of people *will*, from choice, live in badly ventilated rooms, full of impure air, the robust become pale and sallow in complexion, though it may not largely affect the health of those who are more or less called into the open air by their vocations, but the health of the women, (*ergo* the constitution of the children,) and all those who are confined to rooms or offices heated in this way, must gradually give way under the influence of the poison.—Hence the delicacy of thousands and tens of thousands of the sex in America.

The last number of the Knickerbocker Magazine has the following:

"A Philadelphia friend, who writes a story as well as he tells one, which is a rare art, sends us among others, the subjoined: 'A certain genuine Deutscher in this city has distinguished himself of late years by very remarkable actions, but nothing richer than the following: Resolving to be divorced from his wife, he put the case into the hands of an eminent lawyer, and departed for the south, where he was absent for a year. On returning, he walked into the 'legal den,' and with head bolt upright, gravely inquired: 'How doesh it comit ter divorce petween me and mine vife?'—'Why really Meinherr, I haven't been able to do much during your absence, but now you're back, we'll go ahead.' 'Yaw; den be so goot as to inform me vot te expenses might have been ven de diforce will be concluded.'—The man of law, after calculating and summing up the items, informed him that the 'damage' would probably amount to two hunndred and fifty dollars when the divorce should be obtained. 'Very well den,' replied Meinherr, 'I would ask you, if to save de expenses, and spare de droubles, it would not be pest to squash de whole proceedings—*for mine vife is teadt.*'"

"The best and most conclusive reason for an effect that I ever remember to have heard, writes a western correspondent, was once given by a 'one idea' Deutchman, in reply to a friend, who remarked: 'Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen.' 'Oh, yaw,' was the reply; 'I know de reason for dat; *mine moder was a woman.*'"

AN EPITAPH.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

We laid her in the silent tomb
When Summer passed away,
For with the flowers that cease to bloom
She faded, day by day;

But as the odor of the flowers
Though withering, doth arise,
So passed her spirit to the bowers
Of bliss in Paradise.

Rutland, Dec. 23, 1850.

THE GIBSON FAMILY.

It was nobody but the editor of the Trumbull Co. Democrat that told the following:

THE REASON WHY THEY DID'NT GET TO THE CONCERT.

A few evenings before the arrival of the Gibson Family, there might have been seen, had any one happened in at the time, four young men steated in a certain room in town who had under discussion the merits of Schiller's Don Carlos—a masterly production by the way. How long they had it under discussion we are not advised; but at length one of them said:

'The Gibsons give a Concert here on Saturday evening; let us go and take ladies!"

'Agreed!" was the unanimous response.

'But who shall we take? asked one. 'None of us are what can be determined ladies' men; for to my certain knowledge, none of us have visited a lady in six months.'

'So much the better,' replied the first speaker.—'Now for an experiment. Let us take girls we are not familliarly acquainted with.'

'It can't be done,' objected one.

'Yes it can, I'll manage that.—There are four of us. There are four young ladies,' and he named them. 'Let us separately despatch a note to each one, requesting the pleasure of her company to the Concert. We'll meet no refusal, I'll warrant you.'

All concurred in this. Three of them selected their ladies. The remaining one doubted; he had taken a fancy to the lady assigned him, though he had never exchanged a word with her, and he preferred a personal acquaintance before soliciting her company to any place of amusement.

'Here are fifty cents as an inducement—that will buy a ticket for her and yourself—pocket it and write your note of invitation. Here is some of the nicest kind of billet paper, the prettiest of envelopes and the best kind of gold pen, and here is some perfumery to scent it with, and if she refuses to go I'll pay you five dollars; I am as much of a stranger to the lady I have selected as you are to the one assigned you; but I fear no refusal, and, withal, rumor says yours has begotten quite a fancy for you.—Write and direct your billets, and I'll see that they are delivered and answers returned,' said the first speaker.

The billets were prettily and politely written, scented, enveloped and sent to the respective ladies, all of whom gladly accepted the invitations. Particularly was the one related by the reception of an invitation from the gentleman who was paid fifty cents to take her. Her heart had burned long for an acquaintance with him, which she had almost despaired of ever getting; but now her wishes were about being consummated. How her heart leaped for joy! Five o'clock Saturday afternoon found her in her chamber at her toilette. She washed and rubbed her neck and face until her cheeks glowed with a delightful crimson, her hair was most tastefully arranged, and then she robed her sylph like form in one of the prettiest dresses—a costly and beautiful brooch fastened a delicate neck ribbon. Thus arrayed, she descended to the parlor—looking sufficiently sweet to cause the most incorrigible old bachelor to forswear celibracy, if he assured that he might woo such loveliness. Her soul appeared to be waltzing through her dark eyes, and kisses seemed to dance upon her ruby lips as the silver dew-drop dances upon the petal of the rose in the first rays of the summer morning's sun.

It was half past six when she descended to the parlor—her heart beating almost audibly. It was not the idea of going to the concert that made her feel so queerly delightful; but the idea of contracting a long sought for acquaintance. What could be better adapted to such a purpose than the Concert room—what a mine of conversation it would develope—the looks and gestures of the singers, the selection of their pieces, and all that, could be commented on with perfect freedom. Seven o'clock came, and yet no gentleman! Strange thought she. What can possibly keep him so late? Perhaps my watch is too fast, and a kind of tremulous feeling began to twitch the edges of her little heart. Fifteen, twenty five, thirty minutes longer, and no gentleman. What could it mean? Eight o'clock came, and her heart sank.—Undoubtedly she had been the dupe of a miserable deception. Some one had heard that she had expressed a regard for him, and had gone to work and forged his name to a note in order to tamper with her feelings. It was outrageous, and her pretty lips curved into a pretty little curve of contempt. Then she threw herself upon the sofa and cried her little eyes almost out.

Let us see what had become of the gentleman who was to call for her? At six o'clock, he was ready—dressed in his best and cleanly shaved.—He was ready and yet he was not ready. He wanted to take the lady and yet he did'nt like to; a strange sensation commenced playing with his heart, until he imagined he was not quite well. So he went to a Drug Store and purchased a quart for medical purposes," as he alleged; then went to his room and took a large drink which made him feel just about right, as he thought, and off he sailed for the residence of his fair lady; but had not got over half way before his heart failed him, and he returned to his room and took another drink. He then managed to get within a few feet of her residence; but his heart again failed him, and he returned a third time to his room, and took another drink, which had the effect to make him so intoxicated that he concluded to lie down on his lounge a few moments. Sleep soon laid hold of him, in whose embrace he was found by his friends after their return from the Concert, who had spent the evening most delightfully in company with their ladies. On being aroused, he innocently inquired,

'Is it most time to go to the Concert?—Oh! I am so sick!'

A moment sufficed to reveal to his friends the true state of affairs. They twitted him most unmercifully before leaving him for the night, for his conduct. Merely saying "Is it most time to go to the Concert? Oh! I am so sick!" fairly drives him into convulsions. He is down on all Concerts, the ladies, and brandy in particular.

SNAKE FASCINATION.

The following, from a Western New York exchange, will be read with interest as giving some additional facts, in relation to the supposed, but disputed, power of serpents to charm.

Such of our readers as wish to investigate the subject, will find an interesting account of several instances of the kind, which formerly occurred in this State, in Williams' History of Vermont. What we have read on this subject, together with the confirming experience of several we have met with in the course of our life, has, we confess, pretty much established our belief in the existence of this mysterious power.

In Upper Canada it is almost universally believed that snakes possess the power of fascination, which has been so often denied them by naturalists. Many people have had the fact demonstrated to them by being witnesses of it, and this was the case with me.

One Summer day, while strolling through the woods, says a writer of note, I came to the edge of a small pond of water, on the surface of which floated a frog in motionless repose, as if basking in the sun. I carelessly touched his back with a stick, but, contrary to my expectations, he did not move; and viewing him more closely, I perceived that he gasped in a convulsive manner, and was affected with a tremor in his hind legs. I soon discovered a black snake, coiled up, laying near the edge of the pond, and holding the frog in thraldom by the magic of his eyes. Whenever he moved his head to one side or the other, his destined victim followed it, as if under the influence of magnetic attraction, sometimes however, recoiling feebly, but soon springing forward again as if he felt "a strong desire with loathing mixed." The snake lay with his mouth half open, and never for a moment allowed his eyes to wander from his prey, otherwise the charm would have been instantaneously dissolved. But I determined to effect this, and accordingly threw a large chip of wood into the pond. It fell between the two animals. The snake started back, while the frog darted under the water and concealed itself in the mud.

It is asserted by some that snakes occasionally exert their power of fascination upon human beings, and there is no reason to doubt this.

An old Dutch woman who lives at the Twelve Mile Creek, in the Niagara district, sometimes gives a minute account of the manner in which she was once charmed by a serpent; and a farmer told me that a similar circumstance once occurred to his daughter.

It was on a warm summer day she was sent to spread some wet clothes upon some shrubbery near the house.—Her mother perceived that she remained longer than was necessary, and seeing her stand at some distance unoccupied, she called to her several times, but no answer was returned; on approaching, she found her daughter pale and motionless, and fixed in an erect pos-